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VOLUME VI.

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POETRY.

IN FUTURO.

It seems to me the bud of expectation
Has not yet swollen to the perfect flower,
That with its wondrous fragrant exhalation
The world of faith will dower.

The lamps we light are but the stars of promise,
That faintest reflex of a distant sun,
That wakes an eager salutation from us
Till nobler heights are won.

The past was but the preface to the story,
In which the romance of our lives is wrought;
The deeds that win imperishable glory
Live serenely in our thought.

What'er we do falls short of our intending:
The structure lacks the beauty we design;
And tortured angels, to their home ascending,
Depart, and leave no sign.

By all the doubts and trials that so vex us,
By all the faults and failures that annoy,
By all the strange delusions that perplex us,
And yield no fruit of joy.

We know that unto mortals is not given
The strength or knowledge that is yet in store
For us, ere yet we walk the streets of heaven,
And dream of heaven no more.

The heart of earth has secrets yet withholden,
That wait the dawning of some future day,
When angel hands from sepulchre so golden
Shall roll the stone away.

Man has not touched the zenith of creation;
The godlike thought that filled Jehovah's mind
Has had in him but feeble revelation,
Uncertain, undefined.

The days wherein Time reaches its fruition,
With moments weighted with no vain regret,
Those days of which the soul has sweet provision,
Draw nigh but are not yet.

—Harper's

STORY TELLER.

THE MARRIAGE PORTION.

There lived about five or six miles
from Easton, Pa., a few years since, an
honest farmer named Henderson, who
had two very pretty daughters, Ellen
and Maude. The first was about twenty-
three years of age, while the latter
was nineteen. The farmer was a thrifty,
well-to-do man, though by no means
rich; but the family lived in excellent
style and the daughters had received
good educations.

Both of these girls were pretty, but
Maude was perhaps the handsomer. There
was no lack of attentive young
gentlemen at the farm, though the
neighborhood was not very thickly settled.
But "beauty draws us with a
single hair," and the young ladies were
the centre of a gay little circle of friends,
mostly young gentlemen, farmers' sons
in the immediate neighborhood, and
some even from Easton.

By-and-by it came about that an
earnest, handsome and sturdy young
farmer fell desperately in love with
Maude, and proposed to her. On her
part, she loved Harry Masters above
all the young fellows she knew, and
told him frankly he might speak to her
father. In the meantime she confided
the matter to her mother, a kind-hearted
sympathetic parent, who saw no ob
jection to the choice of her daughter,
but all was left to the father to decide.

Farmer Henderson was a straight
forward and open-mouthed man. That
is he said exactly what he meant, no
more or less, and that he uttered freely.
When Harry Masters called him
on one side and told his especial er
rand, as to Maude, the father said,
"Well, Mr. Masters, Maude is young.
I wanted Ellen to be married first; she's
oldest, and I have got a marriage por
tion of twelve hundred to give her; but
I haven't laid by anything yet for
Maude."

"I have got pretty well beforehand,
Mr. Henderson, for a man but twenty-
four years old, and we shall be able to
do very well, I have no doubt."

"You mean you'll take Maude with
out any marriage portion?" said the fa
ther.

"Yes, sir, very gladly."

"Well, it's pleasant to hear you say
so, because it shows your honest affec
tion, Mr. Masters; but I am too proud,
though a simple farmer, to let Maude
marry till I can give her a thousand or
two towards housekeeping."

"It is not worth waiting for, sir, as
long as we don't really need it, and
both are content."

"Then, again, I'd rather Maude
wouldn't marry until her sister is mar
ried, because she's so much older, do
you see, it will actually make her an
old maid. It isn't fair, Mr. Masters."

"Ellen is very popular with the gen
tlemen, and will soon be married," said
the other.

"That's just what I have said to my
self, and then I shall begin to pick up
a marriage portion for Maude."

"I trust that is the only objection,
Mr. Henderson," said Harry Masters.
"Why, yes, you are a promising and
respectable young man, and come of a
good family," said the farmer; "but I
can't let Maude go until I get together
a respectable marriage portion to give
with her hand."

"Perhaps you will think more favor
ably about it," said the lover. "I'll
speak with you again."

"All right, Mr. Masters."

Harry and Maude were very fond of
each other, and now talked over the
matter very seriously. Maude could
not blame her father, and did not like
the idea of going to Harry without a
proper portion to contribute to their
joint partnership in domestic life.

"Never mind, Harry," said the hand
some girl; "Ellen will soon be mar
ried. I have pretty good reason for
knowing."

"Ah, but then your father says he
wants time to pick up a marriage por
tion for you, and that will take three
or four years perhaps."

"That is a good while, is it not, Har
ry?" said Maude, just blushing a lit
tle, for fear it sounded forward and
bold.

"It's ages!" said the young fellow.

"Think of waiting three years—why
we shall be old folks by that time!"

"Not quite so bad as that," said
Maude.

"I'm sure my hair will be gray by
that time!"

"Nonsense, Harry! Now you are
joking."

"I was never more in earnest in my
life," said he, as he stole a kiss from
her pretty lips, and ran away, so as
not to hear her chide him for his bold
ness.

"Maude," said her father, coming in
to the house from the barn, "I wish
you would ride the sorrel mare into
Easton, and get this hundred dollar
bill changed at the bank. The work
men have got done with the roofing of
the barn, and I want to pay them off
to-night."

"Very well, father. Let John put
the side-saddle on, and I'll be ready in
five minutes."

The sorrel mare was brought up to
the door, and Maude was soon on her
way at an easy hand gallop toward
Easton. She had an excellent seat, and
was a good horsewoman. As she knew
this very well, she would not have ob
jected to have Harry see her just now;
but he had gone a few minutes before
in an opposite direction.

When Maude got into Easton she
rode directly to the bank, but was un
fortunate enough to find it closed. Af
ter a few minutes thought she re
solved to try to get the note changed
at a grocer's or at some of the other
stores, and went immediately to do so.
Pate seemed against her, for no one
had small change enough to accommo
date Miss Henderson.

At one of the stores where she stop
ped a very gentlemanly looking person
took out his pocket book and said he
thought he could change it for her, and
she handed him the bill, but he re
turned it saying that after all he had
not so much small money. He seemed
to regret this, however, and even fol
lowed Maude to the door and assisted
her to remount her horse.

She was forced to give up her er
rand as she did not like to run about
among strangers asking to change her
bill, especially as no one seemed able
to do so. She therefore turned her
horse's head once more towards home.

Scarcely had she passed the outskirts
of the town when she was overtaken
by the stranger who had spoken with
her in the last store, and who at first
thought he could change her bill. He
was mounted upon a fine looking horse,
and saluted her respectfully as he came
alongside.

"Did you get your bill changed?" he
asked.

"No; small bills seemed scarce," she
replied.

"Do you live near here?"

"About five miles off."

"Quite a ride."

"Oh, we don't mind five miles in the
country."

"You are an excellent rider."

"I have ridden since I was six years
old," she said; "but my sister Ellen is
a better rider than I am."

"You are generous to admit it," said
the stranger.

"Why, it's only the truth," she an
swered frankly.

After they had passed over about
two miles, they came to a very lonely
piece of road, quite removed from any
dwelling houses. Still, as the stranger
appeared so gentlemanly, and had ad
dressed her so politely, she had not
the least suspicion of any evil in
tention on his part.

Presently he said suddenly, "I will
thank you for that bill."

"What?" said she half smiling.

"Please give me that bill."

"What do you mean?" asked Maude.

"Just what I say!" he replied sud
denly.

"I shall do no such thing," she an
swered firmly.

"I am sorry to draw a pistol upon a
lady," he continued, suiting the action
to the word, "but I must have that
hundred dollar bill at once."

"Do you mean to rob me?"

"I must have the money."

It was with difficulty she could be
lieve the man was in earnest, but when
he now cocked his pistol and held it
toward her with one hand, while he ex
tended the other for the bill, she was
forced to yield to the necessity of the
situation. She was a brave hearted
girl, and even now she did not turn
pale nor tremble in the least; she saw
she could not help herself so she made
the best of it.

Just as she held out the bill to him a
sudden gust of wind blew it into the
road and carried it gently several yards
from them. The stranger alighted to
get it, and quick as thought Maude
struck her horse a smart blow in order
to get out of the robber's power. The
sorrel mare was a spirited little crea
ture, and sprang into a smart gallop
at once; while the stranger's horse
which had been standing beside her,
also started off at full speed in her com
pany.

Bang! went the robber's pistol af
ter them, having only the effect to in
crease the speed of the flying horses,
both of whom were now on the dead
run. Maude did not care how fast she
rode, the sorrel mare was as easy as a
cradle at that speed, and in ten min
utes she dashed into her father's yard
followed by the riderless horse.

Her story was soon told, and her fa
ther was with difficulty prevented from
starting after the robber with his pis
tols and rifle, but he knew that the
scoundrel would naturally take at once
to the woods where he could not fol
low or find him.

"Well, we've got his horse at any
rate," said the farmer, "and he's worth
more than a hundred dollars."

"Hullo, master!" said the man John
who had been taking the saddle bags
from the strange horse.

"What is it, John?"

"These bags is full of something."

"I should think so," said the farmer
as he unstrapped the leather bags.

They were found to contain some
counterfeit plates, a quantity of coun
terfeit money in various bills, and also
a little over fifteen hundred dollars in
good money!

"Huzza!" cried the farmer.

"What is it, father?" said Maude.

"Why, your trip to Easton has proved
a profitable one, at all events. Here's
over fifteen hundred dollars, good
money."

"Ah, but it will be claimed by the
owner."

"Do you think a counterfeiter would
dare come for the tools that would
convict him?—to say nothing of a high
way robbery?"

"I didn't think of that."

That evening farmer Henderson
sent John over to young Masters with
a message to call around and see him,
to which Harry responded instantly.

"Mr. Masters," said the farmer, as he
came into the large, old-fashioned sit
ting room, "you remember what you
asked of me this afternoon?"

Yes, sir.

"Well, I give my consent. Maude
has just furnished her own marriage
portion. Take her, my boy, and be
happy."

THE HIDDEN HAND, OR QUIET DOING.

BY MRS. E. M. GRAY, M. D.

There is a world to which night
brings no gloom, no sadness. No im
pediments fill a yawning chasm and
hide from the traveler a pitfall. It is
the world of sound. Silence is its
night. In it every attribute of nature
has a voice. The beautiful, the grand,
the sublime, have each a language,
and to one whose heart is in tune,
every sound has a peculiar signifi
cance. Sound fills the soul, while light
only fills the eye. Sound is a living
echo of that "voice that spoke and the
world stood fast." Sound is immor
tal. Ears may be sealed here, but be
yond the glad Hallelujahs are heard
by all the redeemed.

Home! Oh! how many a cloud of
care is caught up, and wafted out of
sight by the gentle winds which breathe
from that sacred place; how many a
broad and steady gleam of sunshine
gilds the pathway, and lights up the
head of weary toilers when their steps
cross the threshold of home! As we
think, we remember, that earth's chang
es are ever going on, and are altering
the looks of our homes. The little
one yesterday nestling in our arms,
to-day with satchel on his arm is
shouting home from school; to-mor
row he will have gone, a bearded man,
from his old home.

And there are broken links in the
chain of love, there are vacant chairs,
there are empty cradles. Death will
not cease his work. Be all, and do all
that you can, then in your home, make
it blessed, as you may. As we read
and write, there are sad memories in
our hearts. We say "the old home,
our families! Where are they?" It is
good to know that there is a world
where the broken links shall be gather
ed in one circle again, and where
the lost shall be regained.

Harvey was looking forward with
joyous expectations to his visit at
home. How his young heart bound
ed, as he thought of home and all its
hallowed associations. So many for
get home when away. Not so with
him. Each day jotted down incidents
to be sent home. Each Saturday the
post-man's ring was heard, telling
them, "a letter from Harvey." And
those letters were not meagre ones.
No, they were freighted with love.
They were headed "Sunday," and each
day in the week told its story on paper.

There is a liability, when sons and
daughters have gone away from the
home of their childhood, and have
formed homes of their own, gradually
to lose the old attachments, and cease
to pay to their parents, attentions
which were so easy and natural in the
old time. New associations, new
thoughts, new cares, all come in, fill
ing the mind and heart, and, if special
pains is not taken, they crowd out the
old loves. This ought never to be.

You should remember that the change
is with you, not with those left be
hind. When you went away, you knew
not, and never will know till you ex
perience it, what a vacancy you left
behind. Keep up your intercourse
with father and mother. Do not deem
it sufficient to write when something
important is to be told. Do not say
"no news." If it be but a few lines,
write them. Write if it be only to say
"I am well"; if it be only to send the
salutation that they are "dear," or the
farewell that tells them you are "affec
tionate" still. In the passing of human
life, there frequently comes a time
when the mutual duties of parent and
child are reversed. Advancing years
bring a second childhood to the one,
and the care of childhood to the other.

To the aged father and mother the
days of labor are over, the work of
life has been done. Now the parent
is the child, and the child the parent.
The watchfulness and care of many
years is to be repeated over again;
only that the giver then, is the receiver
now. It is not always easy, perhaps
not in many cases possible, for chil
dren to return to parents all the offices
which were once given; yet, what
more beautiful, what more lofty exhi
bition of filial tenderness and duty
can be given than by a son or daugh
ter waiting on an aged parent? It chal
lenges your admiration. It is not
seen every day. To some children,

an aged parent seems to be in the
way. Who can tell of the soul-sor
rows, and the secret but hot tears
that flow down furrowed faces, mak
ing the evening of life full of bitter
ness, caused by the ill-concealed feeling
that their presence is a burden? It
is well that the old eyes are dim and
the old ears heavy; for, even now,
father and mother are made to feel
that they have lingered too long on
life's stage, and had better be gone.
Never hesitate, dear reader, never re
fuse to do all, whatever it may be, that
can make the evening's close sweet to
them. Ye privileged children, ye who
have a father or mother spared to you,
I charge you to have some true ap
preciation of a blessing whose value
you can never know till it has been
forever withdrawn. You will have,
you can have, but one mother or fa
ther. No one will ever love you as they
have loved. By-and-by they will be
gone. You will stand over them as
they lie still in death; memory will
be very busy then, and very unsparin
g; yes, and very painful. Now,
while your parents live, be all that
you can to them. Give love for their
love. It will be a satisfaction, simply
unspeakable, by-and-by that you did.
The writer knows it well. She is
now tasting the joys of tender love
and care to a dear feeble one, now
gone where he needs not a daughter's
care.

Some of your parents are old. They
linger, often lonely, often sad, some
times wishing in their sadness and
loneliness that they were gone. They
are looking forward to heaven,
to restore what they have lost. By
your loving words and gentle acts,
make the lost seem little, as you may.
Let their nearness to heaven make
them sacred in your eyes.

"As one by one they enter in,
And the stern portals close once more,
The halo seems to linger round
Those kneeling near the door."

Others live in ripened maturity.
Make much of them. Honor, love
them, more and more as your life
glides on. May their last look have
for you in it a smile and a benedic
tion.

Lilla was daily improving. Some
may say, "what is there in the child to
improve?" She was gaining in knowl
edge, gaining in stature. Mrs. Jer
ome took her often to Flower Garden
Home. The building was nearly com
pleted. The Mission Home was filled.
Other applicants there were, but no
accommodations for them. No won
der that Judge Shelby was having all
things done with all possible despatch.
Yet nothing was done carelessly. Ex
tra hands were employed in order to
facilitate the work. In the work-shops
where the wood work was being done,
over hours of work the busy men did
so that the builders should not be
hindered. And why all this we ask?
Ah! it was the mute appeal of those
children of sorrow—some worse than
orphans, but they were not neglected.

The managers of the Mission Home
cared for the little outcasts; a snug
house was hired, and in that they
found a shelter. Every Sunday after
noon at three o'clock, they held a tem
perance meeting in the little chapel of
the Mission. The little ones sang
their pieces, taught by Mr. and Mrs.
Jerome; for both of them were good
singers. Look! Who is that flaxen
haired one seated at the parlor organ?
Why, it is Lilla! She, having made
great proficiency in music, had been
promoted to "the leadership of this
band."

A straggler, wending his weary way
he knew not where, heard these sweet
songs, and, as he stayed his steps,
words like these accosted his ear:

"Pity the drunkard, dear Father above;
Lead him to Thee, the Fountain of Love;
Help him to yield all his powers to Thee,
And from this glad moment thy servant to be."

Those words, that song, arrested
that man's attention. Slowly he walk
ed up the steps; yet more slowly he
entered the chapel. Years had come
and gone since he had entered such
a retreat. The song had scarcely died
away, when that broken-down man
rose to his feet, tears streaming down
his weather-beaten cheeks, as he stam
mered out, "pray for me! Once I had
a wife and a darling little girl to pray
for me; but my wife is gone; my lit
tle girl—I know not where she is.

Perhaps she, too, is dead. Strong drink
has ruined me, broke up my once hap
py home, laid my angel wife in the
grave,—and no little girl to love me."
How those agonizing words of the re
pentant man thrilled the little band
for a moment. There was a pause
at last; Rev. Jerome broke the si
lence by repeating these beautiful
words of Christ: "Come unto me all
ye that labor and are heavy laden, and
I will give you rest." "The spirit and
the bride say come, and let him that
heareth say come, and let him that is
thirsty come, and drink of the water
of life freely, without money and with
out price." Stepping forward to the
speaker, the tottering inebriate said:
"where, oh! where can I get this wa
ter of life? I thirst." The response
came from the man of God: "Whoso
ever shall drink of the water that I
shall give him, it shall be in him a well
of water springing up unto everlasting
life." Then the poor erring one knew
it was Christ the living spring. He
was on the right track. After the ben
ediction was pronounced, Mr. Jerome
took the forsaken man by the arm
requesting him to wait, as he want
ed to converse with him, and assist
in leading him to Christ, the only
Refuge of the lost. In the course
of the conversation, the clergyman
discovered, that amid all his degrada
tion, under the rubbish, there was a
fine nature; or, at least, there had
been. He told his sad history, how
that in early manhood he had wooed
and won a beautiful and accomplished
lady. She was an orphan, and had
at some means of her own. He was em
ployed by a firm as head book-keeper,
with a prospect of promotion, as each
year had advanced him, but in an un
guarded moment he yielded to the
suggestions of a chum; or would be
friend, and called for a bottle of wine
for his lunch, at the restaurant, where
they daily met. Day after day, this
was repeated, and day after day his
appetite increased. His fond wife
discovered the stimulant in his breath,
and expostulated with him, "but no use,"
and he would say his strength would not
hold out unless he resorted to it; and
another bad friend was, he consulted
an M. D., who strongly urged the ne
cessity of some stimulant. This was
enough; he was acting under medical
advice, and he should follow it; and
he did till we see him the wreck that
he now is. Mr. Jerome kindly asked
him where his home was. "Ah!" said
the disconsolate one in agony, "I have
no home. Oh that the grave would
cover me up." "But my friend you are
not prepared to die." "After death
the judgment." "No, no, I am not.
God be merciful to me a sinner." That
prayer was lodged in the heart of
Infinite Love. Mr. Jerome knelt
down; the sorrowful one knelt too;
and then, and there, in that little
Chapel Room, the man of God and
the inebriate prayed; and they con
tinued on in prayer till the inner ear
of that anxious, repentant one heard, as
"Thy sins which are many are all for
given thee. Go in peace, and sin no
more." Those eyes dimmed with tears,
now shone with holy joy. Mr. Jerome
noticed it as he gently laid his hand
on the shoulder of the stranger, and
bade him follow him to a home where
Christian influences would surround
him; where he would be kindly cared
for, tenderly nursed, and watched, if
the appetite for strong drink should
overtake him, as he feared it might.

The poor man tried to express his
thanks, but words failed him. Mr.
Jerome took all his emotional feelings
in, and replied: "I understand it all,
my friend. God bless, and keep you
to his heavenly kingdom." Here we
let our stranger friend rest. In our
next we will resume his history, and
perhaps we may find out more who
he is.

THE SUN.

1878. NEW YORK, 1878.

As the time approaches for the renewal of sub
scriptions, THE SUN would remind its friends
and well-wishers everywhere, that it is again a can
didate for their consideration and support. Upon
its record for the past ten years it relies for a
continuance of the hearty sympathy and gener
ous co-operation which have hitherto been ex
tended to it from every quarter of the Union.

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published. It contains the latest news and cor-
respondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, NOV. 8, 1877.

Specimen copy sent to any address on
receipt of five cents.

"LET BROTHERLY LOVE CONTINUE."

We entertain the most profound re-
spect and esteem for zealous Chris-
tians who are conscientiously faithful
to the duties devolving upon them as
clergymen and laymen, but none should
in their zeal become so bigoted as to
ascribe all true Christianity to the
particular sect of which he has seen
fit to become a member. The ques-
tion at the bar of final accounts will
not be, to which church did you be-
long while on earth, but, rather, have
you fulfilled the law, and obeyed the
Divine command—"love thy neighbor
as thyself?"

We deprecate the selfishness and
narrow-sightedness which would say
that "there are no Christians except
in the Episcopal church," or that
would say, "it is necessary to be bap-
tized by immersion in order to enter
the Pearly Gates of Paradise." We
abominate the idea that it is es-
sential to believe in the doctrine of
foreordination, or that of entire sanc-
tification in order to walk the streets of
the New Jerusalem and sing the songs
of the redeemed forever.

We have noted with a deep sense
of regret the bickerings, though many
of the arguments abound in this
world's wisdom, of some of our cor-
respondents for some time past. We
doubt not the sincerity of the writers,
and we doubt not that the opinions
were all uttered by Christians, but for
the sake of the cause of the Christian
Church in general, and for the benefit
of non-sectarian readers in particular
we must ask our very able correspond-
ents to excuse us from allowing them
so much space in the JOURNAL, which
is a secular paper, for airing their par-
ticular religious opinions through its
columns, as our paper can be much
more profitably employed in dispen-
sing news for the edification of a news-
loving and a news-hunting people.

In all the religious controversy
which we have, too long, allowed to
be carried on through the JOURNAL we
have simply been a silent spectator,
and while we have entertained the
most profound respect for each of the
writers, and have been unprejudiced in
regard to all and favored no one above
another, we have felt that, at times, the
subject was, to say the least, getting
stale. And now, as ample opportuni-
ty has been afforded for each to ex-
press his sentiments, we cordially in-
vite all concerned in the discussion to
"stack their arms," "dismount their ar-
tillery," display their "flag of truce,"
and declare the "war ended."

We believe Christians must fight if
they would win, but we also believe
that their weapons of warfare should
not be "carnal," and all true soldiers
of Christ can serve their Commander
better by fighting Satan than by try-
ing to pull down each other's churches.

With the apostle we would say, in
relation to joining this church or that
church, "let every one be fully per-
suaded in his own mind," and while
different societies entertain views pec-
uliar to themselves, and while we
sacredly respect the doctrines of each,
we hope that "brotherly love" will con-
tinue, and that on general principles all
will be united in one object—that of
making more saints and less sinners.

We hope the controversy will drop
without further comments, but we
shall be pleased to hear from all
sources any brief religious, or other,
news of interest.

FRIENDS, so called, are plenty when
a man has money, but they drop off
like autumn leaves when he becomes
poor. Vide the prodigal son.

"Sad Monopoly of the Resources of Charity."

The traditional exclamation of the
good Dr. Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet,
"Sad monopoly of the resources of char-
ity," would seem peculiarly appropriate
to some cases of the present day. We
never hear of knowledge of any system
of teaching the deaf refused to an ap-
plicant, which was the case in Dr. Gal-
laudet's time, and, indeed, gave rise to
his quoted remark, but what is about
as bad, those have been found who
oppose new facilities for educating the
deaf in given localities. The praise-
worthy scheme to establish a school in
Chicago, was defeated last winter on
the floor of the General Assembly, and,
at last accounts, the old institution at
Jacksonville, Ill., is rejoicing in pos-
session of fifty-four more pupils than
it ever had before, and has already
turned four hundred, by nearly a score.

In New York, thanks to an admi-
rable statute, it is not in the power of any
one man to create a monopoly, as wit-
ness the two new institutions, started
within the last three years, having over
two hundred pupils between them. It
is easy, however, to oppose a building
appropriation, and the dog in the man-
ger is powerful on such occasions.

It is delightful to turn from these
contemplations to the wise and manly
report of Mr. G. O. Fay of the Ohio
Institution. His school is rapidly
growing, and he gives to the world the
conclusions drawn from a study of the
attendance of 425 pupils. We make
some quotations:

"An institution should never become
so large as to lose its united character."

"I certainly do not think that it is
at all in the line of progress to aggre-
gate them [the deaf] to the number of
four or five hundred as we are now
doing."

"I am certainly inclined to protest
against the tendency of the times to
construct and attempt to organize and
administer what are called immense
institutions." "I believe in the brilliant
total of the necessarily small individual
is increasingly liable to be overlooked
and neglected."

After remarking that a separate
building might be erected for a jave-
nile department, Mr. Fay says:

"Another way of relief would be to
encourage the establishment of another
general institution, diversified and yet
complete in its organization, at some
other suitable point in the State. It
would rapidly fill, and if it drew hun-
dred from this institution it would do
it no harm."

"A temporary relief can be had by
encouraging the formation of day
schools in our large cities. Such a
school, with twenty-five pupils, is now
successfully carried on in Cincinnati.
With encouragement, a similar school
would spring up in Cleveland. Boards
of education are deterred from under-
taking such classes from their greater
relative cost. Would there be any ra-
tional objection to allowing boards of
education a *pro rata* amount per pup-
il in those cities, where mutes are suf-
ficiently numerous to make up a class,
and where it is likely that a school of
decided merit would be sustained?"

Mr. Fay, we take you cordially by
the hand. If any thing was wanting
to complete our high regard for you
as executive officer of a great institu-
tion, your last report supplies it. You
are a philanthropist; and when your
views prevail, as prevail they must,
your State and country will own each
other blessed.

NOTICES.

The undersigned respectfully in-
forms the officers of the Deaf-mute
Institutions of various States, and
friends in general, that he has sus-
pended his connection with No. 132
West Fourth Street, to-day, as his post-
office address, temporarily, until due
notice is given.

Any communication, or orders for
particular information in regard to en-
graving, please address to my residence
174 Clinton Street, and the same will
receive prompt attention, feeling con-
fident that I can do your work satisfac-
torily, and at prices as reasonable as
elsewhere.

JOHN BARRECK.
Cincinnati, Ohio, Nov. 1, 1877.

Services for deaf-mutes will be held
in St. Mary's Church, Brooklyn, on
Sunday, Nov. 11th, at 3 p. m., and in
St. Mary's Church, Mott Haven, on
Sunday, the 18th, at 4 p. m.

The fifth anniversary of the Church
Mission to Deaf-mutes will be held in
St. Ann's Church, N. Y., on Sunday,
the 11th inst., at 7:30 p. m. The sermon
by Rev. Mr. Courtney will be interpret-
ed by Dr. Gallaudet. Most reception,
Wednesday, the 14th inst.

PARTIAL RETURNS.

Election returns up to our going to
press give Skinner, Surrogate a prob-
able majority in the county of about 2-
000, Oswego city gave him a majority
of 618.

In this (the third) Assembly District
Peck's majority in the following towns
is as follows: Mexico, 24; New Haven,
161; Sandy Creek, 81; Amboy, 53;
Orwell, 70; Albion, one district, 8;
The towns of Redfield, and one Albion
district are yet to be heard from.
Peck's probable majority over Betts is
from 325 to 350. The county elects
one Democratic and two Republican
Assemblymen.

The Itentizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items
that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associa-
tions of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the
benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and
readers will keep us supplied with items for this
column; mark items so sent: *The Itentizer*.

The Itentizer man feels delicate when anything
happens "out west."

A gentleman has presented the Kentucky In-
stitution with a lot of choice fossil specimens.

Miss Helen Dunning is teaching a select school
of four deaf-mute children at Galesburg, Illinois.

Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Jones, of Sand Hill, N. Y.,
a few days ago made a short visit to Watertown.

Many school girls 112 strong make lively the
grounds of the Virginia Institution.

"Daft if readable," the Goodson *Gazette* claims
as the latest deaf-mute. Who? what? the *Gaz-
ette*?

A foreign deaf-mute artist wants a Fine Art So-
ciety organized in London for the benefit of deaf-mutes.

The Kansas Institution cannot accommodate
more than one hundred pupils. They have eighty-
two now.

A pupil of the Kansas Institution has broken
his arm three times. The last time he broke it
in two places.

This local paper says G. A. Converse, a deaf-
mute of Winchendon, Mass., is putting a fine
fence around his estate.

It is a little snake bites a deaf-mute, put onions
on the wound. That is how they saved a Kansas
Institution pupil's life last vacation.

On the 29th ult., Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Evans,
of Rome, N. Y., had an acquisition to their family
of the first-born—a boy of 9½ lbs. avoirdupois.

We have high western deaf-mute authority,
that a skunk, cooked a rabbit, is a delightful
dish, if the animal is kept in the dark till it is eaten
and digested.

A tornado blew down the shoe-shop of a deaf-mute
out west, damaging him some \$200. But he
went out and worked at whatever his hand
found to do and rebuilt it.

DANVILLE'S circus passed through several cities
where there are institutions for the deaf, but the
only favored one was the Virginia Institution.

They all got free tickets.

A Kentucky deaf-mute was sent home for the
summer vacation; but, getting lost in Louisville,
did not he know how—walked back to the
Institution, 105 miles.

When we get hold of a letter from a pupil rich
in such terms as "worst" and "more smarter,"
we know that the class is in the midst of some
green tuition on the comparison of adjectives.

Rev. P. S. Knight, Principal of the Oregon In-
stitution, made a brief call at the Michigan In-
stitution on his way east. He proposes to visit all
the notable establishments for the deaf and dumb
before his return.

The *Mirror* man's plan to fix those delinquent
legislators out west, that never appropriate the
wherewithal to make both ends meet, is to run
along with full steam till the money gives out and
then shut up shop.

Miss M. T. Peck, the wife of the Principal of the
Deaf and Dumb Institution, in New York City,
who stopped at the house of Col. Miller, gave Mr.
and Mrs. F. M. Tuttle a pleasant call last week.—
Genoa Gazette, Nov. 2d.

This is the season for deaf-mute tramps. The
latest addition to the list is that of a little pup-
il brought to the Virginia Institution by a kind un-
cle, who leaving him, departed. The little fellow
followed the trail, but was nabbed miles out.

CLEVER, according to the doctors, is the best
known estate for the nerves. Therefore the
Michigan Institution Assistant Engineer, by virtue
of a gift of two heads of celery to the *Mirror*
man, rushes at once to the front ranks of philan-
thropists.

Is an editorial lamentation the drifting into
mischievous parody in charities, the New York
World very truthfully says: "Nobody ever yet
heard of a community ruined by excessive liberality
to the deaf, the halt, the maimed and the blind."

The *Mirror* pitches into the Missouri legisla-
ture for not appropriating enough money to en-
able the Missouri Institution to educate all the
deaf that apply. The legislature "out west" have
a good deal to answer for, and even those "down
east" are not entirely innocent.

While the Illinois Institution is finding out
how to teach a class of two years' standing, we
mildly suggest that wonderful results have been
known to follow from a classroom with one big
slate to each pupil, abundance of crayons, and a
live teacher with eagle eye, quick wit and sturdy
understandings of all kinds.

The Illinois Institution Teachers' Association re-
cently had a meeting and talk about classification
of pupils, with what result we are not told. We
recall, however, a principal whose brilliant idea
on the subject, was to arrange a lot of boys accord-
ing to height, and then count off a certain num-
ber and march them into various school-rooms.

A. C. Gordon, Esq., a well-known deaf-mute
and a resident of Geneva, who was a very staunch
Democrat for thirteen years, has now formed a
definite resolution to become an independent vot-
er, on account of having some bad experiences in
political affairs.—*Genoa Courier*, Oct. 31.

The Professors at the Illinois Institution are
evidently prospering. Prof. Read is painting his
house; Prof. Woods is putting down a pavement
in front of his residence; Prof. Brock has invested
in a fine Jersey cow, and Prof. Walt is having
a meeting of the heirs to his father's estate, at
his residence.

Was wouldn't he be a pupil in the Virginia Inst.
When the last social reunion Saturday arrived,
the girls, bless them, ransacked the autumn woods
and fields for the wherewithal to decorate their
sitting-room, and got up a grand display, which
doubtless flattered and delighted the gallant
Southern deaf-mute youth.

A book agent was in Watertown, N. Y., the other
day and talked about half an hour to induce a
lady to buy a book. In order to get rid of him,
the lady handed him a slip of paper on which was
written "Time and time again." The agent looked
blank and thought she should have let him know
that she could not hear. He bowed gracefully
and went away.

It was probably an oversight of the principal of
the Western New York Institution. While yet
the school was all on paper, he wrote to a couple
of deaf-mute young ladies, in Tompkins county,
soliciting their aid in hunting up pupils of school
age to forward to him, neglecting to inquire
whether they themselves were eligible as pupils.
It turns out that they were, and are now happily
installed as pupils in a sister institution.

Here is a slice of the eternal dignity of things
At the close of a concert, given out west by
a couple of blind musicians, an album was put
out to be voted to the prettiest lady in the audience.
Miss Mary Pool, a graduate of the Kansas In-
stitution got it, she being a heavy favorite in the
balloting. Now, having an album, she wants to
fill it with photographs of her old teachers and
classmates and writes for them accordingly.

On Saturday, Oct. 27, Mr. Jonathan P. Marsh,
of Rosendale, Mass., the well-known father and
grandfather, respectively, of three mute children
and four mute grand-children, went to Belfast,
Me., where twice last month the ground was cov-
ered with snow. Sunday he officiated before the
Belfast Society of Deaf-mutes, in the vestry of
the Congregational Church. B. H. B. Alden was
present. Mr. Marsh was the guest of all the
deaf-mute families, by turns, till Wednesday after-
noon, when he took the steamer for Camden,
where he expected to see an old class-mate of his
whom he has not seen for forty-seven years. He
conducted prayer-meeting four evenings successively.

It is our painful duty to announce the sad
death, on the 10th inst., of Millard Lofland,
of Piquette county, a pupil in the Virginia Deaf-
mute Institution. The pupils were forming on
the grounds, preparatory to marching to the Fair
grounds, when young Lofland was attacked with
heart disease, and died in three minutes. He had
been subject to attacks of an epileptic character,
but had always recovered consciousness quickly.
The excitement of attending the Fair no doubt
brought on one of these spells, and this time the
heart failed to re-act or to respond to the remedies
which were promptly used. Dr. E. L. Turner,
one of our teachers, was with him instantly and
did all in his power to resuscitate him; and Dr.
Fauntleroy, our Attending Physician, arrived in
less than half an hour.

A telegram was at once sent to his friends, and
the Night Express train carried home the remains,
accompanied by Dr. Turner.

Millard Lofland possessed a good mind, an ex-
cellent disposition and studious habits. He had
made fine trial progress at school, and enjoyed
the confidence of teachers and pupils.—*Genoa
Gazette*, Oct. 27.

[We learn that Dr. E. L. Turner, a physician of
promise, is one of Prof. Job Turner's sons.—*Yen.
Journal*.]

**R. C. SPRINGS KILLED BY THE
CARS.**

(From the *Spartanburg, S. C., Herald*, Oct. 24, '77.)

On Monday last about half-past 11
A. M., Mr. Richard C. Springs, a very
worthy citizen of this county, a mute
residing at Cedar Springs, was ac-
cidentally killed by the cars on the Spar-
tanburg, Union and Columbia Railroad,
just below the Railroad Shops.

Mr. Springs had walked to town that morn-
ing, made some purchases and was
walking down the railroad track, re-
turning home, when Mr. Frazier—an
engineer of that road, was backing
an engine and flat car down the track,
to bring up a car load of bricks from Mr.
J. W. Maxwell's brick-yard.

Mr. Springs, being deaf and dumb, never
heard the car coming up in rear of
him and continued to walk on down
the track, unconscious of any danger
till he was struck by the car. The en-
gineer, not knowing Mr. Springs was
deaf and dumb, blew the whistle sev-
eral times, and noticing that he did
not get off the track reversed the steam
of his engine and made every effort to
stop the train, but could not stop it
in time to avoid the accident. Mr.
Springs being deaf, the engineer not
knowing that he was deaf, combined to
cause the accident, which under the
circumstances was unavoidable and
for which no one blames the engineer.

Mr. Springs was a graduate of the
Deaf and Dumb Asylum at Hartford,
Connecticut, and was one of the first
assistant teachers employed by Mr.
N. F. Walker when he founded the
Deaf and Dumb Institution at Cedar
Springs. He was a native of York
county, and an uncle of Hon. A. B.
Springs and the late Col. Richard
Springs of that county, and moved to
Cedar Springs about 27 years ago,
where he resided up to the time of his
death. He was in the 76th year of his
age and had been a consistent mem-
ber of the Presbyterian Church of this
place for many years. His wife who
survives him is also a mute, and well
advanced in years. He was highly
esteemed by all who knew him, and
his death will be regretted by a large
circle of friends and acquaintances.

Mr. S. B. Ezell, Coroner, was sent
for and held an inquest over his body.
The following testimony was given be-
fore the jury of inquest:

TESTIMONY.

W. P. Frazier, sworn, says: I am a
machinist, employed on the Spartan-
burg and Union Railroad. We fired
up an engine this morning to move
some cars. I was running the train
this morning about half past 11 o'clock
from the Spartanburg and Union Rail-
road Depot down the track. My at-
tention was called by Mr. W. P. Irwin
to a man on the track. I looked and
saw a man about fifty yards ahead fac-
ing down the track walking in the di-
rection we were going. As soon as I
saw him I shut off the steam, and the
brakeman put on brakes. I blew
four times for the man to get off the
track. I suppose we were running at
about the rate of six miles per hour.
I reversed the engine when I saw the
man, and stopped as soon as I possibly
could, but just before the train stop-
ped the flat car, which was in front,
struck the man in the back and knock-
ed him down across the track, and the
wheel ran over his neck. He was kill-
ed instantly. He paid no attention to
the whistle. We had only the engine
and one flat car, and there were but
three of us on board. W. P. Irwin,
Dime Rabb and myself. (signed)
W. P. FRAZER.

Drue Rabb, sworn, says: This morn-
ing I started out from the Spartanburg
and Union Railroad Depot at Spartan-
burg, S. C., as brakeman with Mr.
Frazier. We started down the road to
take a flat car to Mr. Maxwell's brick
yard. As we came down the road,
about fifty yards above this point, Mr.
Irwin, who was on the engine, called
attention to a man on the track. Mr.
Frazier, who was running the engine,
shut the steam off and reversed the
engine, and I put the brake on as tight
as I could. The whistle blew, but the
man never turned his head, and be-
fore the car stopped it struck the man
and ran over him. When we stopped
and I got off the flat car, which was in
front, had run about half its length
over the man. Two or three wheels
had run over him. DRUE RABB.

N. F. Walker, sworn, says: I know
the deceased. His name is Richard
C. Springs. He lives at Cedar Springs
in this county. He was a deaf and
dumb man. He sometimes walks to
Spartanburg. N. F. WALKER.

The verdict of the jury of inquest
was in accordance with the above
facts.

IN MEMORY OF CORA B. BECKER.

The fact that so many of the readers
of this paper felt a personal loss when
the news reached them that Cora Becker
had fallen asleep, is sufficient reason
for once more speaking of her in its
columns.

God has taken from us one of those
"corner stones," polished after the simi-
litude of a palace," for his temple above.
Much as we shall miss her here, it is a
joy to think of her expanding life there.
She was rapidly developing in all the
graces of Christian womanhood, but
how much more glorious and rapid as
that development now. We thought
that she could do much in her home,
in the Sabbath School, and in the
Church Militant, but God saw that
she was ready for larger usefulness and
better service in the Church Triumphant,
and the family of the redeemed.

We call such a change, death. It is
not death. It is life. And who shall
say that Cora cannot do more for us
all now, than she could have done had
years been added to her life in this
world?

We deprecate indiscriminate eulogy
of the dead. Nothing should be said
of them but what is strictly true. But
when all her family, teachers, and
friends unite in one testimony to her
life and character, we may indeed
speak of the departed with confidence;
and we believe that it has been for our
betterment that our lives touched for
a little while.

But notwithstanding our joy for her,
the sorrow of heart remains to us. The
place she has filled in her home is va-
cant, and the lonely days that are to
come will make her parents and sister
feel more keenly, if possible, the pres-
ence of their loss. But the Healer is
there, and having broken, He will bind
up and heal. There, too, at last, the
joy of heaven shall be all the greater,
because God has bestowed upon them
the great honor of giving up another
one to join the blood-washed throng
who "serve him day and night."

Very appropriately do the words of
the Quaker poet express what we would
say:

"Another hand is beckoning us,
Another call is given;
And glows once more with Angelic light,
The path which reaches Heaven."

Our young and gentle friend, whose smile
Made brighter summer hours,
And the frosts of autumn time
Has left us with the flowers.

The light of her young life went down,
As sinks behind the hill
The glory of a setting star,
Clear, sudden and still.

As pure and sweet her fair brow seemed
Liminal as the sky,
And like the brook's low song, her voice,
A sound which could not die.

And half we deemed she needed not
The changing of her sphere,
To give Heaven a Shining One,
Who walked an Angel here.

The blessing of her quiet life
Fell on us like the dew,
And good thoughts, where her footsteps
passed.

Like fairy blossoms grew,
Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds
Were in her very look;
We read her face, as one who reads
A true and holy book.

We miss her in the place of prayer,
And by the hearthstone's light;
We pause beside her door to hear
Oncame her sweet "Good-night!"

There seems a shadow on the day,
Her smile no longer cheers;
A dimness on the stars of night,
Like dimes that look through tears.

Alone unto our Father's will
One thought hath reconciled; howe'er
That He whose loved ones guard
Hath taken home his child.

Fold her, O Father! in thine arms,
And let her hither be;
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and thee.

Still let her mild rebuking stand
Between us and the wrong, between
And her dear memory serve to make
Our faith in Godness strong.

And grant that she who, trembling here,
May welcome to her father home
The well-beloved of ours.

J. Q. A.

RESOLUTIONS ON THE DEATH OF CORA B.
BECKER.

At a gratifying of the young people
held at the residence of S. H. Stone,
on Thursday last, the following res-
olutions were adopted: Whereas, God
in his wisdom has removed from our
circle, our beloved friend and sister,
Cora B. Becker,

Resolved, That we as her intimate
friends and companions, do thus pub-
licly express our love and sympathy
for her family, and unite with them in
mourning her loss.

Resolved, That as we wish to show
respect to her dear memory, even in
outward signs, we do wear suitable
badges of crape for the space of 30
days.

MARY T. FRENCH, LIZZIE V. SKINNER,
ADEL E. MILLER, MERRIE G. STONE,
MADALIA S. HOWARD, CHARLES M. RHOADS,
GERTRUDE R. STONE, JENNIE A. CALKINS,
THEODORE H. WEBB, NED J. STONE,
JOHN A. SEVERANCE, CHARLES G. ALTON,
GEO. W. SEVERANCE, JAY O. BALLARD,
Mexico, Nov. 1, 1877.

Local Paragraphs.

A daughter of Mr. Ceryl Snow has
been scarlet fever.

Miss Kate Brown has been quite
low for some time.

Almon Lindsley, of New Haven, was
deceased a few days ago in Oswego.

There was a heavy white frost last
Thursday (Nov. 1st.) morning—the
first of account this fall.

"Moses" will be Rev. W. F. Hemen-
way's subject of discourse at the M. E.
Church at 7:30 next Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Ballard have
moved into the Empire Hotel, but we
understand they will not keep a pub-
lic house.

We hear that three of G. W. Stone's
children, Willie Hood and a two-year-
old boy of P. Castle's are all sick with
scarlet fever.

Mrs. Simon Tuller, who has been
very sick for several weeks, still re-
mains very low and her condition is
unimproved.

Rev. A. P. Burgess, of Newark, N.
Y., recently spent a few days in town,
and officiated at the wedding of Mr.
George Matthews and Miss Eva Miller.

J. B. Briggs has lately improved the
surroundings of his well-kept residence
by paving the gutter of the street in
front of his premises.

Mrs. Levi Downing is improving the
looks of her premises very much by
having the large old trees cut away on
the street in front of her place.

Correspondence.

(Although our columns are open for the publication of opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.)

A VOICE FROM NEW ENGLAND.

Mr. Editor:—The *JOURNAL* of Oct. 25th is at hand. From the first our attention has been attracted by the controversial discussion that has been carried on between the East and West in its late numbers, and it strikes us that all unprejudiced and fair-minded men will have received Dr. Gallaudet's and "Impartial's" communications with approval and satisfaction. It is true, nevertheless, that our Western friends and the public at large know little or nothing of the strong undercurrents at work, which by the irresistible force of their nature started the controversy; yet those who enter upon anything of this kind are exceedingly apt to take into their hand a dangerous weapon—a two-edged sword that cuts both ways, and as "Impartial" observes, "ill feeling, deep-rooted and lasting is liable to be engendered." Our sole and only object in writing this is to endeavor to avert such a deplorable result.

We, who are descendants of the pilgrim fathers, should bear in mind that they left us an example of genuine Christian toleration. They brought this principle with them in the Mayflower, owning fellowship with all churches that owned Christ as their head. The history of those times tells us that as early as 1611 an ordinance passed the General Court at Plymouth, that "No injunction should be put on any church or church-member as to doctrine, worship, or discipline, whether for substance or circumstance, beside the command of the Bible." They were friendly to all sects, not excepting the Quakers and Anabaptists.

The deaf-mute societies would all do well to cultivate this spirit of Christian toleration. Indeed, how can they afford to do otherwise if they desire to live together in peace and harmony, comprising as they do so many members of different denominations? Are not these societies organized and conducted solely for the moral, intellectual and spiritual welfare of each individual deaf-mute in the community where the society exists? Most assuredly. Then it should be the chief aim of the officers to study the best means of promoting the good of all. The conscientious and faithful preacher will do all in his power toward promoting the welfare of those to whom he ministers, not only by preaching, but by precept and example in all that should constitute a true Christian gentleman. By establishing friendly relations toward both officers and members, the preacher may be able to exert a strong personal influence for good, in which he may bring all into harmonious relations, so that they, in turn, will co-operate with him and aid one another towards a better life; thus the whole social atmosphere of the community will be elevated and refined.

The missionary, too, has a wide field for usefulness, and by confining himself to the evangelical duty of winning souls to Christ, rather than trying to gain over proselytes to his own particular church, he may do a vast amount of good, particularly among those mutes in localities where there is no society established to whom his presence and ministrations will be thrice welcomed.

PROLOGUE.

A TIN WEDDING AT WATERFORD, N. Y.

A few weeks ago deaf-mutes and their friends, in Troy, Cohoes, Albany, Lansingburg, and other vicinities, were the honored recipients of invitations requesting their presence at the celebration of the tenth anniversary of the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Getting, of Waterford, N. Y. The party was to take place on the 23d ult., and there was a state of most delirious and lighted expectations among the invited.

Tuesday evening, October 23, with its beautiful moonlight came, and with it, by cars and other conveyances, came the guests in couples rushing in to the house of Mr. and Mrs. Getting, to the number of not less than thirty persons. From various causes, some of the invited ones, and their companions, and expressions of regret at being unable to be personally present at the extraordinary and happy event. The company assembled in the parlors, and were cordially greeted by Mr. and Mrs. Getting, who looked very hale and hearty. They are now reaching life's meridian.

On the centre table, were deposited by the guests, useful, and various articles of tin-ware, and, besides, there stood on the centre a beautiful, large floral bouquet which was raised from the little garden of Mrs. Julia Atkins, of Lansingburg, N. Y., and was by her presented to the happy couple as a token of love and esteem.

The company was treated to a very short but appropriate speech by William T. Collins, of Troy, after which they passed the time till about midnight in the usual games of amusement, when by couples the guests were called to march down to the dining rooms. The tables were beautifully loaded, and their contents generously and tastefully served.

The floral display on the tables was magnificent, and the perfumes dispensed from the bouquets were delightful and refreshing. When the banquet and the commenting upon its excellence were over, the company re-entered the parlors, where they danced to their hearts' delight till morning, when the guests retired to their homes with many happy remembrances of the tin wedding.

Many thanks are due Mr. and Mrs.

Getting for providing us with such a pleasant evening's entertainment. It shall not soon pass from our memory. May God bless them, and grant them many more years of earthly enjoyment and usefulness.

Among the favored persons present were the following: Mr. and Mrs. Moses Smith, of Jonesville, N. Y., Mr. and Mrs. VanZandt, of Grafton, N. Y., Mr. and Mrs. Hoffman and Mrs. Julia Atkins, of Lansingburg, N. Y., Mr. Garret Vandenberg and his daughters of Crescent, N. Y., Misses Ives, and Hunter, and Messrs. C. A. Smith, J. Witbeck, J. Ritter, H. Brown, and W. T. Collins, all of Troy, and others.

W. T. C.

Troy, N. Y., Nov. 1, 1877.

PORTRAYING THE EVILS OF PROSELYTING.

NON-INTERFERENCE IN CHURCH MATTERS HIGHLY RECOMMENDED—CHRISTIAN PHILANTHROPY.

EDITOR *JOURNAL*.—In your issue of Oct. 11th, I notice with pleasure the honest and liberal opinion of Dixie's letter-headed "A voice from the West," and I am very glad that he had the courage to speak his mind, and I am glad to find that his sentiments agree with many of ours in the East. Let us be of one accord, and rejoice together in the development of unity in preaching the Gospel. Many of his remarks are correct to the point, and should be well understood by your readers. I rejoice to see that the New England muten have a friend in the far West, who desires to see the Gospel faithfully and more freely preached. It is not my intention to injure the Episcopal brethren, for I believe there are many saints and noble Christians who have derived much religious comfort from the teachings of that particular creed, but I cannot think the best way for us muten to advance Christ's Kingdom. Preaching the Gospel, and free offering of prayer as directed by the Holy Spirit are my preferences. I do not wish to enter into any controversy with Christian men who accept the services of the Episcopal Church, as the best means of enriching their faith; nay, to such I would say, "Go thy way, peace be with thee." There are, however, many who claim that their method of worship is more useful to the muten, but as long as the mass of muten in New England think and act otherwise, I see no reason why they should be interfered with, and attempts made as are now being made by two or three parties, whose object seems to be popularity, and who are seeking to divide our community. H. W. Beecher once said, "If Christ is revealed to you better by the worship and service of the Episcopal church, do not hesitate to accept it." Now those parties who are constantly claiming so much for that particular creed, will not say the same to their friends regarding the services of other churches. No, indeed! One of their most prominent preachers was applied to not long since to speak a good word in favor of another party, and a plan calculated to draw the muten more closely together, and his reply was, "I cannot direct you unless you should see your way clear to being confirmed and becoming a communicant of the Episcopal church." What does this look like? I refrain from using the word, but the plan was approved by ministers of other denominations, and any further comment is unnecessary to thinking minds.

This feeling and interference, I might say, was the sole cause of the trouble existing among the different societies. I know it to be the case in Boston and also in Salem, where, after much personal effort, the committee in charge have succeeded in bringing nearly all the muten together, regardless of sect. There is now but one society in Boston, where for many years there were two or more, and in Salem only two members are of the Episcopal creed, and their remarks from time to time are not conducive to the prosperity of the society. This state of things is soon observed by the followers of the Book of Common Prayer, and their wolf enters the fold—first one lamb, and then another disappears, and now the time seems to have come for those that believe that "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh" to stand more firmly to our faith, encourage the weak and faltering, spreading the "glad tidings" with greater zeal among our brethren. Had a certain party remained true to his faith, and sought to have extended his labors and popularity as an evangelist, he would have been received wherever he went with open arms; but "suitable arrangements" had been made by a party in power, who imagined he was securing a "new and shining light" for his temple and vineyard. And what has been the result? The old Puritan blood of Massachusetts has been roused, and that "new and shining light" has been tried and found wanting. The fault was not, however, all his own, but with those parties whose religious zeal was, and is, all for their sect, not for the love of God.

How different this is from our *Ama Mater*, good old Hartford. If, as it has been claimed, that creed is the best adapted to the spiritual wants of the muten, why did she not put it in practice? Hear her! Bless her noble heart. "We have found it favorable to the promotion of liberal Christian feeling to have Christian denominations united in worshipping together." She even goes further and says, "It is our opinion that the deaf-mutes should not be gathered into a separate church, but should unite with the churches where they reside," to which I respond Amen. That's liberal Christianity. No bigotry there. She is bound to no creed. No sect confined to her children scattered broadcast over the land. What does she say? "Choose ye this day

whom ye will serve"—be united, and "worship the Lord in the beauty of Holiness." To this I know hundreds will heartily respond Amen.

There exist in Connecticut at Norwich, Bridgeport and some other places societies wholly Episcopalian, and I have yet to hear of any attempt on the part of other denominations to interfere with them. Now why cannot they let us alone? Certainly all are at liberty to employ whatever form is best adapted to the advancement of the spiritual growth, but it does not seem as if the muten in general were called upon to follow the form of service of any particular church, and a change of faith seems more calculated to produce despair and moving than to be the source of true happiness. Now let us drop the subject, forget and forgive the past, if it is a possible thing, and endeavor to be more faithful in our Christian lives, and by example and precept strengthen them in theirs. There is no sect in Heaven.

FAIR PLAY.

Salem, Mass., Oct. 30, 1877.

INDIANAPOLIS.

EDITOR *JOURNAL*.—News for you has been extremely scarce of late, and that accounts for my not sending items from this quarter, lately.

The Rev. Austin W. Mann held a service here last Sunday. In the morning he delivered a very eloquent and impressive sermon to the pupils in the Institution chapel. A large number of the resident muten of the city attended it. In the afternoon he held a service in Christ's Church in this city. He baptized the two little children of Mr. Kingsbury, and the baby of Mr. Ricker. A large number of the pupils attended the service.

Mr. N. Denton, of Geneva, N. Y., paid the Institution and his friends here a visit lately. His friends, who knew him when young, say he is tamer, wiser and more sober.

The friends of Alice Freeman, lately of the Indiana Institution, are happy to learn through the *Mirror*, that she is now employed as teacher in the Michigan Institution. They wish her success.

This Institution has, at present, an attendance of 330. More are coming. Sickness is the cause of their being tardy.

Nuts abound in the woods and the boys have the "nut mania." Base ball has been exchanged for "leap-frog." Frogleaping will soon be lost in indoor amusements, such as chess, checkers, etc.

The boys of the academic department have a new study room. They have a president, vice-president, secretary, a congress and all officers to perform the various duties.

Indianapolis, Ind., Oct. 31, 1877.

TRAVELING NOTES.

EDITOR *JOURNAL*.—In accordance with the desire of transmitting to the *JOURNAL* some description of whatever I have met in my travels, I will, with determination, pen these lines which might be hardly of importance to the deaf-mute readers, but especially in the affairs of mutedom in which I am well posted and in which a general interest is manifested by the muten. I have often heard of the *JOURNAL*, of which the most skilled deaf-mute readers are firmly in favor. The *JOURNAL* is said to have entered on the sixth year of its existence, under favorable circumstances, and with encouraging prospects, and therefore I wish it great success.

Last night I arrived here from a pleasant visit of a few days to the Missouri Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. I have traveled for nearly fifteen months, and I am still traveling. No determination has been arrived at by me respecting going home in Sparta, Wis., within four months. Last year in August I left home after my wife was sent to the State Hospital for the Insane near Madison, Wis., where she has been once before. When I went to Minnesota, I was much frightened by the intelligence of the reported death of my wife, which was a matter for regret to New England muten, but last July I arrived at one of the towns in Missouri, from Sedalia, Mo., and while waiting for dinner at one of the hotels, I picked up the morning paper, which had just been thrown in by the news-boy, when the following advertisement struck my eyes:—My wife was sent to the State Hospital for the Insane in Madison, Wis., in the summer of 1876, but nothing was said about her death. On arriving at Maryville, Mo., I, with entire satisfaction, received intelligence from the principal of the Insane Asylum, of the improved health and decreased insanity of my wife, and now I am sanguine of her speedy and permanent recovery.

I have been constantly receiving letters from my new muten friends, most of whom I have recently visited, and who are scattered through several different states, seeking information concerning affairs of mutedom, all of which I have not answered by letters, because of my weariness, except a very few to whom I have written little epistles.

Last week I arrived at Fulton, Mo., from my further western tour which I have enjoyed so much for a long time, but I am sorry I cannot complete my contemplated trip to California, on account of everything being so dear that I cannot stand the expense.

From my travels, to my great sorrow, I have perceived that a strong desire for pursuing the studies is much on the decrease with the deaf-mutes, who show no especial interest in the study of their books, which they need to study in school; that there is poverty and miserableness preading among the muten farmers in the Western States, attributable to the influence of poor

calculations and inconsistency to their advisors. I have often explained to them about improving their farms, and raising cattle, hogs, and hens, to make them become prosperous, but they have never paid attention to my advice. They would have now been happy and prosperous but for their laziness.

I am much pained to say that a deaf-mute farmer, named John W. Reed, with whom I am well acquainted, and whom I visited last April, formerly of Ohio, lately of Toledo, Iowa, and now of Waterville, Kansas, before his removal, lost his splendid farm of 160 acres, worth \$3,000, in Toledo, Iowa, by going his friend's security. He and his wife are unhappy, but I am glad that they have a house and lot of their own in Waterville. He is by occupation, a teamster, and a regular farmer. His old friends in Toledo, Iowa, often flattered him and cheated him. The unfortunate must not be cheated in any manner. I wish Mr. Reed success, and truly hope all his bright anticipations for the future may be fully realized and his pockets become well filled with money.

There is a young lady, now a little ways out of town, (Nescho Falls, Kansas), living in a nice large house. Her name is Emma Snow. She is a mute deaf, but can speak pleasantly. She was educated at the Kansas Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. However, I cannot claim her as a semi-mute. Last June I called on her half an hour, and was very much interested in talking with her, both by manual alphabet and signs. She is generally more pleased to talk with persons not deaf than with muten, for she is tired of making signs. Her whole physiognomy is indicative of quick intelligence. As she entered the sitting-room, in which I sat against the hall door, I beheld that her wearing apparel was unquestionably splendid, unequalled by any mute lady in the Western States. Her charming hat had a flaring brim of straw, a soft crown of yellowish velvet and a generous trimming of black pansies, relieved with bright yellow stars. The combination was unique. She is the most accomplished lady in Kansas. I am very sorry to have heard, through the sayings of her Asylum muten, unfavorably of her; however, I like her accomplishments well. She talks by signs in a graceful manner. Her father is very rich, and has a beautiful farm. Nescho Falls is noted for its beauty and the healthfulness of its location. It is located on a considerable elevation, affording a magnificent view of the surrounding country, which is rich and highly cultivated, but Manhattan, Kansas, is decidedly the best in the United States.

I have visited many muten in Kansas and Nebraska and found most of them men of poor education, living uncomfortably with their families, who are housed by their parents, and their occupations are often lost in the opening of hard times and their dependency upon their parents and relatives to save their families from starvation. The climate of Kansas is very beneficial for diseased lungs. Emigration still goes on there in a continuous stream. An immense number of covered wagons were daily passing by me for south and south-western portions of Kansas. They told me I had better go with them and buy a farm, but I was not easily inclined to go with them, for I wanted to sell medicines and Mexican Salves in every station on all the railroads. I think I will not work any more on my farm, but devote my time to selling, which is a much better and more certain way of supporting a family than farming and, perhaps, even shoemaking.

I have heard that several mute farmers have started for the far West, with the hope and expectations of finding permanent homes on new lands. They were from Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. My opinion is that they will have many dangers and trials to overcome, but I hope that they will cheer up their troubles which may be abated in a few years if they undergo the hardships with patience.

I, with much happiness, met Miss Mary Cartwright in Paola, Kan., and Eva Woodford in Oswego, Kan. They are very smart and pleasant people and make signs in a splendid manner. They went home on a vacation, and returned to school in Olathe, Kan., last September.

I went into the beautiful Indian Territory and remained only a week. According to my observations, everything was very dear in every portion of the Territory. It takes a good pile of money to support a family there; 100 lbs. of flour is worth \$6.00, corn meal is worth \$4.00 per 100 lbs., Irish potatoes are worth \$2.50 a bushel, pork is worth 25 cents a pound, clothing is very high, and everything is very high, because the Indian Territory is a wild country. Finding that I was unable to travel in that country, I immediately went to Texas, and continued traveling for a week, and at last arrived at Galveston, Texas. Having stayed there but two days, I went from there by land to another little village south, a distance of 40 miles, where I embarked on a packet, and arrived at New Orleans, and stayed there only a day and then returned to Texas, Indian Territory, and Kansas. When I arrived at Oswego, Kan., I was attacked with a debility of my stomach and vomiting, and was compelled to stay a week at Mr. Johnson's, five miles north of that town.

Mr. Johnson, a farmer, has two deaf-mute children, one named Washington Johnson, formerly of the Illinois Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, is a lead miner and his sister was married to Washington Bronson, formerly of Indiana. I have found them all very pleasant people indeed. Mr. Johnson was very kind to me during my sickness. Then I proceeded on,

traveling through stations on the railroads, finding many muten with whom I enjoyed conversation that were, in fact, very interesting, until I arrived at Sedalia, Mo., and remained there more than two weeks, at Mrs. Ervin's boarding house. She was formerly a mistress of the seaming shop at the Missouri Institution for the Deaf and Dumb for four years. She is a very kind lady. She has a powerful influence upon men by the indication of her sharp face. She loves all the deaf-mutes, by whom she is also much loved. I found Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Sprague, in town, very pleasant people. They were married last January. His wife, Elda, is a very sweet lady, whom I often visited during my stay of two weeks, and who I found enjoyable company. Both were from Illinois. They intend to move to Texas this year or next spring. Last July, during vacation in the Missouri Institution, Prof. Benj. L. Gilkey, a deaf-mute, conducted his pupils, numbering 40, to their respective homes. He went to Sedalia, visiting Mrs. Ervin. I found him a very able teacher. He spent two days with Mrs. Ervin and then returned to Fulton, Mo., with his beautiful little rat terrier, given him by his friend in Kansas City. The intense heat, and rain in Sedalia, during two weeks, and consequently I was compelled to stay with Mrs. Ervin that time. On the fourth of July I went from Sedalia to Braman, five miles east, and met several muten at the picnic and spent all day with them, but I delivered no oration before them, on account of the intense heat. The mute convention contained six persons, with me. Their names are Holmes and Stuart and their wives, Mr. Dahler and myself. Then I went to Plattfield, Mo., and found Hugh Herbert, a semi-mute printer, and stayed with him over night. He is the Deaf-mute *Advance* correspondent. Then I went to St. Joseph, Mo., and remained with Mr. and Mrs. Zamro, both deaf-mutes, three miles east of St. Joseph. Mr. Zamro is a dentist and a regular farmer. His cornfield was the largest and best I ever saw in my travels. The corn was from 12 to 14 feet high! They were from Indiana. St. Joseph contains 10,000 inhabitants, many fine private residences, splendid business blocks and elegant public buildings. Among the latter, especially noted for their substantial make and beautiful appearance, may be mentioned the New Court House, the largest in these Western States. Those buildings have been erected at an enormous cost. I was much pleased with the appearance of that city. Then I took the train and arrived at Afton, Iowa. I found Geo. B. Marshall, a mute, and stayed with him five days, and thence to Decatur City, Decatur, Co. Iowa. We held a mute convention in Decatur, last September, of eleven persons: Samuel Wickoff and his wife, from Kansas, Mr. Albion J. Bates and his wife, and Benjamin F. Marshall, from Fontenelle, Iowa. Geo. B. Marshall with his married daughter, Mrs. Covell, from Afton, Iowa, and myself, all visiting the family of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. G. Marshall for nearly a week. Harvey Heath and wife, and the rest of them usually live in that town. Wm. G. Marshall is by trade a house-painter and grainer. His wife, formerly of Wisconsin, is a very pleasant lady. She is quite rich. George B. Marshall has two deaf and dumb sons, whose names are included in the above list. He and his son Wm. have just started a shoe-shop in Westernville, 10 miles north-west of Decatur City. He is a good man. He is a very firm reasoner. None of my deaf-mute can beat him. He has much good advice for his deaf and dumb visitors. He was formerly of New York. His age is 54 years. Harvey Heath, formerly of New York, but lately of Indiana, is a firm Adventist. His occupation is a shoe maker. His age is 68 years. He owns a fine house and lot, and also 40 acres of land which he enjoys very much. His oldest friend, Samuel Wickoff, and wife, visited him for two weeks as they had not seen each other for 49 years. Wickoff is 67 years old and his wife 66. He has a son that now teaches at the Kansas Institution.

I will give the readers of the *JOURNAL* a few of my observations, relative to my visit to the Sweet Springs in Brownsville, Mo., last July. The Sweet Springs are permanently destined to be the Garden Spot of Missouri, and the resort of her people. The curative powers of these waters are wonderful, and are too well known for further comment. If you choose, a walk of a mile from town brings you to a beautiful grove, in every respect delightful and charming. You find yourselves amazed at the waving and bending appearance of the grounds; the diversity of the trees, in size, kind and position, the shrubbery that has been planted to vary and bring out its beauty. The many flowers and the short heavy green grass combined to make this spot a lovely park. The magnificent buildings and improvements add much to the beauty and attractiveness of the place, and also of great inducements to the afflicted to pitch his tent there for a season. The fine lively stable is present to furnish an opportunity to visit the Sulphur Springs and Lake by a short drive. The bowling alleys, the shooting gallery and the Terpsichorean Hall are in every way calculated to furnish amusements and physical development. The Pagodaan Observatory, over the main spring, is a very handsome piece of workmanship and is destined to be a great place of resort, especially for the young people. The hotel is a grand display of elegance and magnificence, well planned and beautifully situated, four stories high, with observatories overlooking the surrounding country. The building can accommodate 1,000 guests. The furniture is not dazzling,

but neat, attractive and durable. Everything is arranged for the convenience of guests. It is lighted by gas, and the rooms are furnished with hot and cold water. I stopped there a few days and enjoyed visiting the beautiful appearance around, and drinking of the Sweet Springs that cured my dyspepsia, with which I was troubled for eight months, attributable to the influence of changing diet. Board is \$10.00 a week or \$3.00 per day. When I left the hotel, the number of guests was 400 a night.

The Missouri Institute is pretty largely attended. It now opens with an attendance of some 200, who have just returned to the Institution from their visits to their parents, during a vacation of almost three months. The pupils have gone to work with a will, and have caught the spirit of enthusiasm in their studies. The teachers, also, are earnestly at work, and will spare no pains to bring up the Institution to a high degree of efficiency. Let them encourage the pupils to attend school every day of the term. The people of Missouri cheerfully provide this expense, and it is the duty of all those who are interested in the education of the deaf-mutes to avail themselves of it.

Since the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska bill in 1854, and the subsequent exercise these rights and privileges. Since in their beloved country, every body has a voice in the management of public affairs, so ought every body to be educated. In fact, it is presumed that since these rights are granted to everybody, everybody shall fit themselves to exercise them. In a word, we invite the co-operation of all the citizens in this great work; we, meanwhile, pledging that our energy shall never tire until the very best is done that can be done for every pupil sent to the Institution. I have found all the teachers, and the principal of the Institution determined to encourage their pupils to study their books, faithfully and steadily and have been wild with delight over the Institution.

Yesterday evening I reached here, and now I enjoy freedom from the long travels of fifteen months, and hail with joy the recovery from my weariness. I think I will remain here a week. I have met many terrible storms, hard times, bad weather, sickness, dangers and the scarcity of money in fifteen months' travels, with the immense expense of much more than \$1,500.

Thinking that this epistle is very long, I will now close with my love to all the deaf-mutes whom I have visited, and with my thanks to those from whom I have received great kindness.

C. A. NUTE.

Jefferson City, Mo., Oct. 24, 1877.

INFORMATION WANTED.

For some time past there has been much comment in certain deaf-mute circles, concerning the fact that a certain local Society in one of our interior cities bears the all-embracing name of the "Massachusetts Deaf-mute Christian Union." Moreover it is a matter of remark that the president of the above-mentioned society is a Boston gentleman and connected, officially, with the Boston Deaf-mute Society. To say the least, this seems strange. There is no more intelligent and respectable community of deaf-mutes than at Worcester, and among their number one can surely be found capable of presiding over their society. Do they consider it more genteel to import a president from the Hub? Importations are usually costly. Who foots the bills entertained by President Holmes' numerous trips to Worcester on business? Will some one have the goodness to rise and explain?

ISOMV.

A DEAF-MUTE WANTS TO MARRY A LADY WHO IS A DEAF-MUTE.

EDITOR *JOURNAL*.—Mr. W. Sandford Wilson is with me cutting Pine for shingling my barn. He is a good carpenter, is about 6ft. high, and a smart workman. He has a deaf-mute brother, who lives in Greenfield, N. H.

Mr. Sandford Wilson is 30 years old, and has a farm containing 25 acres with small buildings, in Franconia, N. H. He would like a lady who is between 20 and 30 years old that can cook, as well as be company. He would like her to become his wife this fall or next winter. If any one knows who wants to get a good husband, please direct a letter to W. S. Wilson, North Branch, N. H. When this man finds where the lady is, he will correspond with her, or go to see her, or if the lady wishes to call upon him, she can come to North Branch and inquire for James G. Wilkins.

J. G. WILKINS.

North Branch, N. H., Nov. 3, 1877.

MEXICO MARKETS.

RETAIL PRICES OF GRAIN, FLOUR AND FEED:
Flour, (retail) Spring \$7 00 Red 7 50 White 8 50
Meal, ½ cwt, (retail)..... 1 20
Shorts, ½ ton,..... 418 00
Shipments, ½ ton,..... 418 00
Middlings, ½ ton,..... 424 00
Corn,..... 35
Oats,..... 30 @ 35

PRICES PAID FOR FARM PRODUCE.

Butter,..... 15 @ 22
Loose Butter,..... 12 @ 18
Cheese,..... 11 @ 13
Lard,..... 11
Eggs, ½ dozen,..... 17
Beef, ½ lb,..... 05 @ 12½
Beef, ½ cwt,..... \$4 @ 6
Mutton, ½ cwt,..... \$6 @ 9
Pork, ½ barrel, retail,..... \$15
Pork, ½ cwt,..... \$5 @ 5½
Apples, (dried) ½ lb,..... 04
Ham, ½ lb,..... 11½
Dressed Poultry, ½ lb,..... 8 @ 10
Potatoes, ½ bush,..... 35 @ 30
Beef Hides, ½ lb,..... 3 @ 4

DEATH OF SENATOR MORTON.

United States Senator Oliver P. Morton, died at 5: 30 p. m., Nov. 1, at his home in Indianapolis, Ind. Mr. Morton was born at Saulsbury, Wayne Co., Indiana, August 3, 1823. His funeral services were held on Monday, the 5th, at 1 o'clock, at the Roberts Park Methodist Episcopal Church, and the interment took place at Crown Hill Cemetery. The services were conducted by Rev. Professor S. K. Hoshour, Mrs. Morton's former pastor and the Senator's preceptor, assisted by Rev. J. B. Cleaver, Henry Day and J. M. Baylies. In early infancy Mr. Morton's mother died and he was cared for by his grandmother till her death in 1837, when he went to live with two maiden aunts and was apprenticed to his half-brother, a hatter. Not suited with the business, he became a student at the Wayne County Seminary, at Centerville, and from there he entered Miami University, Ohio, and was a proficient scholar, but left without taking a degree. He then commenced the study of law at Centerville, was admitted to the bar in 1846, and rose rapidly in his profession. In 1852 he was appointed Judge of the Wayne County Circuit Court, and completed an

Judge Morton had been a Democrat in politics supporting the Administration, of Mr. Polk, and General Pierce till the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska bill in 1854. He then joined the Republican party. The same year he was nominated for Governor, but was defeated at the Election in October. In 1863 the Republicans elected him Lieutenant-Governor, and Henry S. Lane Governor.

That fall Mr. Morton delivered the first speech in favor of forcing Federal authority over the Southern States, in case of secession. At a public meeting at Indianapolis, Nov. 21, he uttered this sentiment: "I would rather come out of a struggle at the end of a seven years' war defeated in arms and conceding independence to successful revolution, than purchase peace by the concession of a principle that must inevitably explode the nation into small and dishonored fragments. But of the result of such a struggle I entertain the utmost hope and confidence." This announcement was speedily adopted as the cardinal doctrine of the Northwestern States. From that time a compromise became impossible.

In January 1861 the Indiana Legislature convened. There was a Republican majority and Henry S. Lane was elected to the Senate of the United States, and Mr. Morton, after serving two days, succeeded him as Governor.

Mr. Morton placed the State on a war footing, and every department of the Government responded to his appeals. At every requisition of the Federal Government Indiana volunteers were always furnished in full numbers, and Governor Morton, though often suffering terribly from disease, was untiring in his labors to maintain the sovereignty of the nation. The troops from Indiana numbered 200,000 and Governor Morton visited in person most of the regiments sent from the State.

In the winter of 1864-5 he visited Europe for his health, being prostrated by hemorrhage.

In March, 1867, he took his seat as United States Senator, and by re-election was in possession of the office at the time of his death.

He never recovered from an attack of paralysis which he experienced in 1865, but he never relaxed his activity. With him, his disease was partly hereditary, his father and an aunt having died from the same cause.

Mr. Morton left a wife and three sons, the latter twenty-five, twenty and seventeen years of age. His second child, a daughter, died in 1865. One of his sons holds a Government appointment in Alaska.

The intelligence at Washington of Mr. Morton's death was received with profound sorrow, not only by Republicans, but also by many Democrats, who spoke in the kindest terms of Senator Morton, as a man, and his prominence and ability as a statesman.

Says the New York *World* of the integrity of the deceased Senator: Despite the millions which he handled when Governor of his own State, the corrupt schemes before Congress by which other Republican leaders were enriched and the opportunities afforded by his profession, Mr. Morton, as we have said, preserved his integrity, almost free from suspicion even, and his whole fortune, it was lately stated, will not amount to more than \$50,000.

A Table,

For those who use the Book of Common Prayer.

Sunday, Nov. 11th.

The Psalter for the 11th day of the month.

Morning Prayer.
1st Lesson—Proverbs iii.

2d Lesson—John x.

Evening Prayer.

1st Lesson—Proverbs viii.

2d Lesson—1 John iii.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity.

Sunday, Nov. 18th.

The Psalter for the 18th day of the month.

Morning Prayer.
1st Lesson—Proverbs xi.

2d Lesson—John xi.

Evening Prayer.

1st Lesson—Proverbs xii.

2d Lesson—1 John iv.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the twenty-fifth Sunday after Trinity.

